

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

In the small town of Accrington, nestled amidst the rolling hills of Lancashire, an unusual phenomenon unfolded on a chilly autumn evening in November 1984. The residents of East Crescent, a quiet neighborhood known for its close-knit community, found themselves witnesses to a truly extraordinary event: a rain of apples.

It was a Friday evening like any other. Families gathered around their dinner tables, children played in the streets, and the scent of homemade pies wafted through the air. But as the sun began to set and darkness settled over Accrington, something unexpected occurred.

As the clock struck seven, a low rumbling sound echoed through the town, catching the attention of the locals. They ventured outside, peering curiously into the night sky. What they saw left them awe-struck. Apples, small and red, were falling from above, gently descending like raindrops in a peculiar shower of fruit.

At first, it seemed like a whimsical occurrence, a playful trick of nature. But as the apples continued to fall, the residents' bewilderment turned into astonishment. The shower of apples intensified, transforming the tranquil streets into a scene of wonder and confusion.

People hurried to gather their families and protect their homes, seeking shelter from this extraordinary apple rain. Umbrellas were turned upside down, capturing as many apples as they could, while children ran outside with baskets, laughing and collecting the fallen fruit as if they were precious treasures.

News of the apple rain quickly spread throughout Accrington. The local radio stations buzzed with excitement, and the incident became the talk of the town. The story reached far beyond the borders of the small Lancashire community, capturing the attention of news outlets across the country.

Experts and meteorologists were called upon to explain this unusual phenomenon. The prevailing theory suggested that a powerful gust of wind had swept through an apple orchard nearby, dislodging the ripe fruit from the trees and carrying them through the air, creating the illusion of a magical apple rain.

For nearly an hour, the apple rain persisted, showering the houses of East Crescent with a cornucopia of nature's bounty. As the last apple fell to the ground, the townspeople emerged from their homes, a mixture of amusement and wonder on their faces. The once-bare streets were now carpeted with apples, transforming the neighborhood into a mosaic of crimson and green.

In the aftermath of this remarkable event, the community of East Crescent came together.

Neighbors gathered to help one another, picking up apples and sharing in the joyous abundance that had unexpectedly graced their lives. Families baked apple pies, shared apple cider, and laughed as they recounted tales of the great apple rain.

Years passed, and the apple rain of Accrington became a cherished memory, a story passed down through generations. It became a symbol of unity, resilience, and the extraordinary beauty that can emerge from the most unexpected circumstances.

To this day, visitors to Accrington can find traces of the apple rain if they look closely. The spirit of community and the appreciation for life's unpredictable wonders still resonate within the hearts of the town's residents. And on quiet autumn nights, when the wind rustles through the trees, some claim they can hear the faint echo of apples falling from the sky—a reminder of a magical night when the heavens bestowed a shower of blessings upon a small town called Accrington.

By Donald Jay